

MIDWESTERN VILLANELLE

Lately, where my body ends, yours begins.
Or so I keep thinking, although you are far.
It's hard to say, sometimes, just what has been.

To reconstruct the feel of it, give me some men
— all strangers, please — to synchronize the bar
stools' twirling: when the one called *me* winds down you begin

to stir the afternoon. A fifth of gin,
too, please, to symbolize how clear we were
each to each. I know just what has been

between us; it still is. My body here, lupine,
hungry to hear you say how far
it is to where this wanting ends and you begin

the drive back over red, real miles again.
Come back: Galesburg, known for trains, Star-
lite Motel where giant neon lips flash *What's Been*

Can Be Again. There's a compass in
your body. My open legs? Your two-point star
that lights up where our one body ends. Or else begins:
beneficent, hard to hold, just what's always been.